

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to cate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniuured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which he calls interest: Curled be my Trybe If I forgiue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gesse of my memorie I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse Offull three thousand ducats: what of that? *Tubal* a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me; but soft, how many months Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giuing of exesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, Ile breake a custome: is he yet posselt How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you, Methoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe, This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did, When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd That all the canelings which were streakt and pied Should fall as *Jacobs* hire, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betwene these woolly breeders in the act, The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the dooing of the deede of kinde, He sticke them vp before the fulsome Ewes, Who then conceauing, did in caning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*. This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Jacob* seru'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to passe, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen. Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,

But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,

The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill soule producing holy witness, Is like a villaine with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath,

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft

In the Ryalto you haue rated me

About my monies and my vncances:

Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog,

And spet vpon my Lewish gaberdine,

And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appears you neede my helpe:

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would haue moneyes, you say so:

You that did void your rume vpon my beard,

And foote me as you spurne a stranger curie

Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money? Is it possible

A curie should lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key

With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,

Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog: and for these curiesies

Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,

To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take

A breede of barraine metall of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,

I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,

Forget the shames that you haue staine'd me with,

Supplie your present wants, and take no doite

Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,

This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindeesse.

Shy. This kindeesse will I shoue,

Goe with me to a Notarie, scale me there

Your single bond, and in a merrie sport:

If you repaie me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite

Be nominated for an equall pound

Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile scale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindeesse in the Iew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not scale to such a bond for me, you shall rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forsake it, Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I doe expect returne.

Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,

Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect the

The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,

If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of Muttons, Beeses, or Goates, I say

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,

If he will take it, so: if not adieu,

And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylock*, I will scale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,

Giue him direction for this merrie bond,

And I will goe and purse the ducats straight.

See to my house left in the fearefull gard

Of an vnchristlike knaue: and presentlie

Ile be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. Hee thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will turne

Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,

My Shippes come home a month before the daie. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawrie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine.

Fl. Cornets.

Mor. Mistlike me not for my complexion, The shadowed luerie of the burnisht sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne, Where *Phaebus* fire scarce thawes the yficles, And let vs make incision for your loue, To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine. I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare) The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hude, Except to scale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Per. In termes of choise I am not solie led

By nice direction of a maidens eies:

Besides, the lottrie of my destiny

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:

But if my Father had not scantred me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe

His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,

Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire

As any commer I haue look'd on yet

For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thank you,

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To trie my fortune: By this Symitar

That slew the Sophie, and a That won three fields of Sul I would ore-stare the sterne Out-braue the heart most da Plucke the yong sucking Cu Yea, mocke the Lion when h To win the Ladie. But alas, If *Hercules* and *Lyebas* plaie Which is the better man, the May turne by fortune from t So is *Aleides* beaten by his ra And to may I, blinde fortune Mistle that which one vnwor And die with grieuing.

Port. You must take your

And either not attempt to ch

Or sweare before you choole

Neuer to speake to Ladie aft

In way of marriage, therefor

Mor. Nor will not, come

Por. First forward to the t

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,

To make me blest or curs'd if

Enter the Clown

Cl. Certainly, my consc from this Iew my Maister: th and tempts me, laying to me, *Lancelet*, origood *Jobbe*, or your legs, take the start, run a no; take heede honest *Lancelet* or as afore-said honest *Lancelet* scorne running with thy heele ous fiend bids me packe, *fi* the fiend, for the heauens rou the fiend, and run; well, my the necke of my heart, saies ve nest friend *Lancelet*, being at ther an honest womans sonne, something smack, something taste; wel, my conscience saies saies the fiend, bouge not saies say I you counsaile well, fiend to be rul'd by my conscience I my Maister, (who God blesse uell; and to run away from t the fiend, who sauing your reu selfe: certainly the Iew is the and in my conscience, my con conscience, to offer to counsaile the fiend giues the more frien fiend, my heeles are at your runne.

Enter old Gobbo with

Gob. Maister yong-man, yo waite to Maister Iewes?

Lan. O heauens, this is my being more then sand-blinde, me not, I will trie confusions

Gob. Maister yong Gentle the waite to Maister Iewes:

Lan. Turne vpon your r